

## Small and Slender

Small and slender, like a reed,  
By enemy winds blown away,  
Frail and tender, as from the seed.  
Where does the sun see her today?

Soothing ghostly memory lingers,  
Residual marks of the brand;  
Smoothing slim baby fingers,  
Warm inside my hand.

Upon her lips, the rosebud smile,  
Above her eyes, the darkest curl;  
The purest heart, devoid of guile;  
Afar she dwells, my tiny girl!

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